

American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
December 1930 **NEWS** *"I Serve"*





The Christmas Lamb at Baux

BAUX village lies among wild rocks not far from Avignon in France. It is a country of shepherds. Every Christmas Eve the shepherds choose the finest lamb in all their flocks, and after it has been washed and combed and dressed with ribbons it is taken up to the tiny church among the crags, at midnight. There, in a chapel cut in the living rock, is kept a cart that looks very like a cradle on wheels. It is used but once a year, on Christmas Eve, when on a bed of fragrant hay and dazzled by the lights, the Christmas lamb is wheeled in front of the altar and blessed. The shepherds stand round about, and when the service is over they take the lamb back to the fold, in order that it may bring the blessing to the entire flock. Then the cart is put back into its rock vault to wait for the next Christmas lamb. And so it has been for hundreds and hundreds of years and still is today.

The Old House

ANNA MILO UPJOHN

Illustrations by the Author



IN THE autumn the Brancar boys went down to Oslo to school. They were country boys and had lived all their lives on the dark waters of a fjord, in a village squeezed between the walls of a narrow valley. In summer they rowed across the fjord to school, in

winter they skated over and between times they dashed around the end of the inlet in a high, two-wheeled cart drawn by a cream-colored pony.

They lived in a white house with a green roof and orange and blue trimmings, and with every comfort inside. But their real house stood on the hilltop under great pines. Its smooth logs were almost black with age, and its roof, weighted with stones, sloped into broad eaves as a protection against the snow. It had stood there for hundreds of years without change, within sound of a mighty cataract, watching for the tall-prowed ships that worked their way up the crooked fjord from the sea. And always, always Brancars had lived in it. Now the sailing ships had changed to steamers and the Brancars had built a new house nearby, less cold and dark and crowded. But the old house lived on and the cataract still tumbled into the fjord, hanging straight as a white ribbon over the granite wall. The Brancars loved the old house more than ever after they had left it. In

time it came to be the pride of the valley that led back from the fjord, and from all over Norway people came to see this bit of the old Viking days that had passed.

From the outside it was not a cheerful house, but inside it was full of fun. Everything in it was handmade by the generations of Brancars who had lived there, and everything had its story. There was the great table, for instance. It was of one enormous plank cut from an oak tree. It ran nearly the length of the living room and was polished by centuries of use. The end near the painted cupboard was the bride's seat, when in olden times one came back from the church for the wedding breakfast. In front of it the surface of the table was scarred as though it had been hacked with an axe. The marks were made by horses' hoofs, for the young men

of the wedding party raced back from the church and he who reached the house first had the right to ride in on horseback. If he could urge his horse to put his feet on the table, that brought luck to the bride. Instead of a wedding cake there was a porridge made of sour cream, sugar and the whites of eggs, brought to the table in a little painted tub. The porridge was eaten by the bride and groom, sitting side by side, from wooden spoons chained together.

No wonder the old house was the joy of the Brancar children. In summer they used to picnic there. The dusky living room was always cool with the green forest light sifting through the small leaded windowpanes. On rainy



A Norwegian storehouse. In summer the great feather beds are stored away downstairs. The open gallery above is used as a place to beat flax

days or in autumn when the long winter twilight had begun, they roasted chestnuts and made molasses candy on the hearth of the great fireplace that was built into a corner. In the firelight the boys, Eric and Ronald, carved and painted wooden dishes like those used by their forefathers and still found in the cupboards of the old house. Those great bowls with dragon heads for handles were for beer or mead. Others, shaped like Viking ships, were for bread or apples, and those in the form of a bird held eggs.

There were two flaxen-haired Brancar girls, Hilda and Brigda. They used to try ironing towels with the long wooden flatirons, so beautifully carved and colored, that hung on the wall. There were dozens of them. The girls loved them because they knew they had been made by the lovers of their great-grandmothers and their great aunts; for in the old days it was the custom for young men to give these gay "irons" to their lady-loves instead of boxes of chocolate and bunches of roses, and a girl's popularity could be judged by the number she had hanging on her wall. The towels had to be wrapped around rollers and then rubbed back and forth with the flat wood until smooth and dry.

In winter the young Brancars went less often to the old house. Its logs were so beautifully fitted that they kept the cold out and there were tapestries hung on the inside walls. But their father was afraid of fire unless there was someone to watch it all the time.

One Christmas, however, there were so many guests at the new house that the boys were sent to the old one to sleep. It had snowed for several days and they had to shovel their way up the hill through the drifts. They built a fire of hemlock logs and soon the old place was full of light and warmth. The whole family spent the evening there playing Christmas games and roasting apples. The girls had dressed up in the

pretty Telemarken costume of black cloth skirt and bodice embroidered with flowers and birds, a tight black cap with embroidered brown and cherry ribbons falling over their white sleeves. The boys wore scarlet vests, buckskin breeches and long blue coats. When at last the party broke up and the boys were left alone, no one knew that it was the last time they would ever make merry in the old house.

There was a double box bed in one corner of the living room, with bunks one above the other like berths in a ship. They were filled with straw mattresses and covered with warm hand-woven blankets. Eric climbed to the top by a stepladder and Ronald got into the lower bunk. They lay there in the firelight eating nuts and looking up at the great beams covered with

items of family history. There were proverbs painted there by their ancestors; the dates of their marriages; the year a ship was launched or a famous bull sold.

It was very quiet. There was only the sighing of the wind in the chimney and the sizzling of the fire as the snow sifted down.

"We'll have to dig our way out in the morning," said Ronald. "Where did you put the shovel, Eric?"

"On the porch by the door."

Presently Eric whispered down, "Don't you hear something outside?"

Both listened intently. "Yes," said Ronald, "I do. Perhaps it's father coming to see about the fire."

"No, he'd come right in," said Eric. "There's someone on the porch."

As he spoke there was a growl near the door and the whimpering of a dog.

"That's Baldur," said Ronald sitting up. "something's frightening him."

Then a sharp bark cut through the night, answered by another and another farther off.

"Wolves!" cried both boys, springing out of bed. "They're after Baldur!"

Ronald snatched a piece



The bride's porridge was brought to the table in a little painted wooden tub

The porridge was eaten by the bride and groom, sitting side by side, from wooden spoons chained together



of wood from the hearth with tongs, and rushing to the door, threw it, blazing, into the snow. It lighted up the face of a great gray wolf only a few feet from the steps. Terrified by the fire, the animal fled back into the woods and at the same instant a big collie shot into the house. Baldur was saved!

But as Ronald had snatched the brand, a piece of burning wood had dropped to the floor, and the draught from the open door had fanned it to flame. The old boards were as dry as tinder. They had no water and the house was on fire! In a panic Ronald seized his pillow and tried to smother the flame, but the pillow was filled with hay and blazed up so that the boy jumped back in terror. Now there was a bonfire on the floor!

"Snow!" thought Eric. He jumped to the door, caught the shovel and flung a white drift on the fire. A column of steam went up and rivulets of water hissed among the flames. Again and again Eric threw on snow until only a charred plank and a pool of black water showed what the danger had been. Not until then did the boys, trembling with cold and excitement, realize that they were barefooted and in their night clothes. Before they went back to bed they pushed what remained of the hearth fire far back into the chimney, standing the logs on end. The next morning they had great adventures to tell.

It was the sight of the burned floor that made their father decide to give the house to the country. "It will burn down some day if we keep it here," he said, "or fall to pieces little by little. If the government takes it and sets it up in the National Park at Oslo the wood will be chemically treated and the house kept in perfect repair."

The whole village wept when men came to



They built a fire of hemlock logs and soon the old place was full of light and warmth. The whole family spent the evening there, playing games and roasting apples

take the house to pieces bit by bit, and carry it off on trucks.

"It isn't just a house," cried Eric, "it's a whole family!"

"It isn't just a family," said his father, "it's a piece of old Norway with the history of a nation written into it. That's why it must be preserved even if we lose it."

So when the Brancar boys went to school in Oslo that autumn they did not feel homesick, for the old house was already there to greet them. It was set serenely on a hilltop and above it great pines murmured. But the boys wondered whether it did not miss the laughter of children and the roar of the waterfall.



The old Norwegian "flatirons" were made of wood beautifully carved and colored

A Silkworm Nurse of Japan

NEILL JAMES

THE Chinese Silkworm boasts to the Japanese Silkworm: "I live a wild free life in the open and can go where I please."

The Japanese Silkworm replies, "Freedom is all very well, but I have a maid who brings my food, cleans my house and keeps me warm. I do not have to roam in search of my food."

The history of a wild silkworm is interesting, but that of the petted and pampered worm who has a nurse to take care of him is extraordinary. His life begins on a silk farm where the farmer has prepared a special, well lighted, airy room, provided with sets of movable shelves. Here the baby worms, hatched from tiny eggs laid by moths, are kept in captivity from the time they make their appearance in the world, mere squirming thread-like atoms, until they meet their inevitable death five weeks later. Unlike the wild Chinese silkworms, they have no incentive to roam, for they do not have to go in search of food. The farmer's young daughter Yoshi takes care of the baby worms. If there are more than she can handle by herself, she has a trustworthy Japanese girl as an assistant. Her position is a responsible one. These little worm charges of hers are expected to produce silk enough for the winter kimonos of the entire family with some left over to send to market.

Yoshi keeps the room warm (72°F), feeds the worms regularly and keeps their "apartment" clean. Every little girl of Japan knows the story of the little Japanese *amah*, or nurse, who had charge of the choicest silkworms of a nobleman. The weather suddenly turned very cold and the worms were doomed to freeze. But the *amah* gathered them up and placed them in her bosom where the heat from her body kept them warm.

Just as the farmer plants grain for his horses

or rice for his family, he plants whole acres of white mulberry trees for his silkworms. Coolies go out daily and cut the best and tenderest branches from the trees and bring them to the house. Yoshi plucks the choicest leaves from the branches and scatters them over the baby worms. Even the tiniest worm immediately climbs out and gets on top of the leaves. Once on top, it begins to eat and to grow. It feeds piggishly for three and a half days, and keeps Yoshi busy supplying mulberry leaves. Then the worm goes into a trance, or state of coma, for about three and a half days. As soon as it awakens it begins consuming mulberry leaves with renewed vigor, alternating eating and sleeping until it is about a month old.

During this time Yoshi is very busy. On mild sunny days she puts the shelves of worms outside in the open air. On colder days, the heat in the room must be carefully watched. The

silkworm's desire to be on top makes it much easier for her to clean its quarters. When it is time to clean the shelves, she places a coarse mesh on top of the worms. They immediately crawl through the holes and get on top. Then Yoshi carefully lifts the net with the worms on it and places it on a clean shelf and covers it with a fresh supply of mulberry leaves. The worms crawl to the very topmost leaves and begin eating again.

By the time the worm is a month old it

has developed into a beautiful green fuzzy caterpillar. As it grows older it becomes more transparent. Yoshi is wise and knows that it is now nearly time for the worm to begin spinning a cocoon for itself. She removes all mulberry leaves and covers the caterpillars with a coarse rice straw which she has cut into even lengths and broken so that each straw will stand up in a



The farmer sets aside a special room which is well lighted and airy, and equipped with sets of movable shelves as a home for the worms



Coolies go out daily to cut the best and tenderest branches from the mulberry trees for the worms. These coolies (above) are wearing Japanese raincoats.

After the cocoons are dipped in hot water to kill the larvae, clever fingers unwind the raw silk, and wind it onto spools

Sorting and grading cocoons as to the size and quality (above). The piles of silky white cocoons on the floor look like heaps of snow.

After a length of silk has been dyed it is so cleverly stretched on bamboo that it needs no ironing or pressing when dry.

tent-like form. The fat, sleepy, transparent caterpillar crawls out, climbs to the topmost straw and looks about. There is nothing to eat; it thinks it is winter and time to build a home in which to undergo the transformation into a beautiful butterfly. It lays the foundation by attaching a silken thread to a straw, and begins work spinning the cocoon.

Thus, at the mature age of five weeks, the caterpillar spins the silk thread which is manufactured into material to clothe a nation and to form one of its principal exports. The *amah* has to be alert. The caterpillar is now in the larva stage. If it is allowed to overstay its time in the cocoon, it decides that it is spring and a good time for butterflies and begins to eat a way out of the cocoon. But this would spoil the silk thread which the caterpillar has wound so neatly

about itself. Although the nurse becomes very fond of the worms, she really cares for them because of the silk thread they are to spin, and they must not be allowed to spoil this.

The larva is soon to lose the home it has so laboriously built during this week. Its hope of becoming a splendid butterfly with gorgeous wings will never be realized. Deft fingers pluck the white cocoons from the straw to which they are quite securely attached and collect them in big baskets. They are little larger than a robin's egg. Some are egg-shaped and others are formed more like peanuts. They are sorted and graded as to size and quality, and the piles of silky white cocoons on the floor look like heaps of snow. This work cannot be delayed, because the larvae are still alive in the cocoons, and should they begin to eat their way out the silk thread would

be ruined. After the grading is finished the cocoons are dipped in hot water, to kill the larvae.

In many villages there is a buyer who will advance money on "sight of the actual silkworm," so that the poor farmer may continue with his silk production. This buyer collects the cocoons from the individual farmers and ships them to a central factory to be unwound.

Many farmers prefer to unwind their own cocoons because this labor can be profitably performed by their wives and daughters. After the cocoons are dipped in hot water, clever fingers handle the wet balls of silken covered larvae, catching up thread ends and unwinding the raw silk. About 3,000 feet of pure raw silk thread is unwound from each cocoon. In other words, four caterpillars will produce enough raw silk thread to reach as high as Fujiyama (12,365 feet), the tallest mountain in Japan. The silk thread is wound on spools and is woven into cloth on hand looms by the farmer's family. It takes about 2,000 caterpillars to produce enough silk

for one complete costume for a Japanese woman.

The dyeing is done in the most primitive fashion and the dyed cloth is securely fastened to a rock under the water in a swiftly flowing stream where it is automatically washed. Often in the course of a drive through the country, the traveler wonders at the ocean blue of some small stream. A mile farther on the same stream is a deep purple, a dainty pink or as blood red as if its source were a battlefield. After the silk is thoroughly washed in the running stream, it is stretched to dry. The silk is woven into exact kimono lengths, just enough for one kimono in each piece, and it is so cleverly stretched on bamboo that it needs no ironing or pressing when dry.

The ambitious little silkworm which began life with a special *amah* to care for him, having performed its life work, is accorded a decent burial. The Japanese farmer is seldom guilty of wasting anything. After the raw silk is unwound, the dead larvae are used as fertilizer in the garden.

A Sculptor of Animals

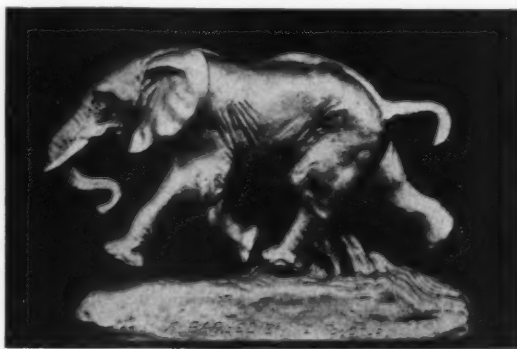
*The Story of Antoine Louis Barye**

IN A green corner at the extreme eastern end of the Île Saint Louis in Paris there now stands a monument to Antoine Louis Barye, with the dates 1795-1875. But it was long before his native city took pleasure in doing honor to one of its most gifted sons. Not until 1855 did the French Academy open its doors to him, and when fame had come at last, he said, "I have been waiting for customers all my life, and they come when I am about to put up the shutters."

It was not until he was forty that Barye received a word of praise even. Then it was that Alfred de Musset, on seeing his "Lion Crushing a Serpent," said, "The more often I look at the combat of the lion and the serpent the greater is the impression it makes on me. At first I seemed to see the lion moving; yesterday I heard it roaring."

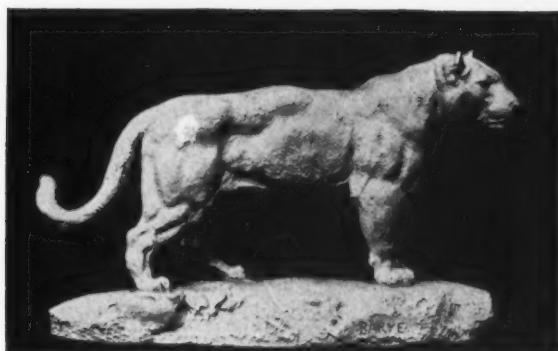
Yet even then the people did not share the poet's enthusiasm for the sculptor's work, although what they intended for harsh criticism was even greater praise than his. For when a proposal was made to place the group in the Tuileries, there was a general outcry, "What! Do they take the gardens for a menagerie?"

All his life long Barye worked hard. More than that, he worked intelligently. He wanted always first to understand his subject and then to represent it truly. If he saw extraordinary grace in a running deer, he wanted to know what muscles played under its skin to produce that beauty. Mere guesses did not satisfy him. He was the son of a poor man and could not go to school. At thirteen he, like so many of the great artists before him, was ap-

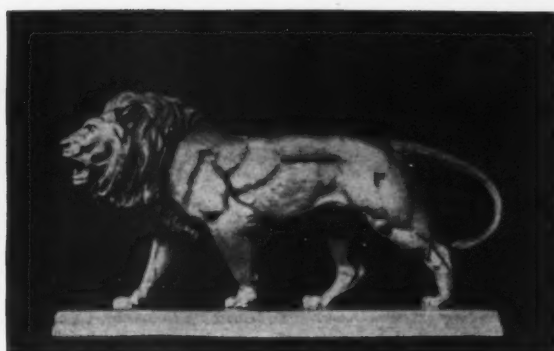


"Elephant," by A. L. Barye

*Adapted from *My Magazine*, London.



"A Jaguar"



"Lion Walking"

prenticed to a metal engraver, and among other things he worked at the gold snuffboxes that Napoleon loved to present to crowned heads. Whenever he had a free hour he would hurry to the Jardin des Plantes to study the animals. His zeal attracted the attention of one of the keepers who helped the young man by getting up every morning at five o'clock to open the gates for him. Barye also found models in travelling shows that came to Paris and at the circuses. Whenever he could he sketched and modeled, measured and dissected, read and studied, so that his works are true to the minutest detail.

He was given, much later, a post as professor of Zoological Drawing at the Paris museum, but he did not like teaching and confined himself to giving advice. "Look at Nature and make up your mind," he would say to his pupils.

One small incident brings to light his scrupulous care and honesty in all that he did and makes one think of Saint Eloi, the silversmith and royal councillor of the seventh century, who was so famous for his honesty. One year the prize chosen for the winner of the annual horse race called the Grand Prix was, besides the usual 100,000 francs, a silver copy of Barye's "Lion Walking." This was later acquired by an American who went to call on the artist.

"Are the bars there?" asked Barye.

"The bars?" said the American.

Then the sculptor told the visitor that after the model had been cast in silver, chased and revised, it was found to weigh a little less than the promised weight, so that he had some little bars of silver fashioned and screwed to the bottom of the pedestal to make up the required number of grams.

Unfortunately, although Paris is full of the work of Barye's followers, Cain, Gardet and others, the majority of the master's works are no longer in his own country.

However, in the Museum of the Louvre there is a glass case containing some of them, and furnished with mirrors in such a way that one can see all sides of the sculpture. There are two equestrian statues, miniatures of perfection, one of Louis VII of France and one of a Tartar knight. There is the world famous "King of Beasts," two studies of lions and serpents, two splendid deer and several more.

It is a pleasure to think that their beauty, at last appreciated, shares the same rooms in the great palace with the paintings of Millet, even as the two masters called the same little village outside of Paris, Barbizon, home.

Hailstones

SLASHING, dashing here and there,
Lively little sprites;
Skipping, jumping, light as air,
Stinging hailstone bites.

In your eye and in your hair,
Blinding, driving, stinging, cold,
Here and there and everywhere,
Pert and sweet and very bold.

Playing leap-frog on the grass,
See how high they leap;
More and more, oh! what a mass,
Round the blades they peep.

—JOYCE WHITFORD,
Standard IVc. Turffontein Intermediate School, Johannesburg, South Africa.

Umanak Mountain is right up at the top of the map, close to Greenland



From November till May the seas around these shores are fast frozen

Greenland's Closed Shore

ISOBEL WYLIE HUTCHISON

Photographs copyrighted by the Author

I AM writing this in the little island-colony called Umanak, or the heart-shaped mountain. It is right up at the top of the map, opposite to Baffin Land and just under one of "Greenland's Icy Mountains." The island is a great stack of rock sloping up to the cloven red peak high above the village. Nothing but rocks and stones and snow is to be seen. I dare say you wonder why they call this land Greenland, when most of it is always covered by a sheet of ice and snow and it has only a frill of green round the edges, like a snowdrop.

It was called Greenland by Eric the Red one thousand years ago. Eric was an Icelandic chieftain who had lent his finely-carved seatposts, which in those days were considered of great importance, to a friend called Thorgest. Thorgest refused to return them, and so Eric was naturally very angry. A quarrel arose, blood was shed, and Eric was banished from Iceland for three years. With some of his friends, he set sail across the wild ocean to seek a land of which

he had heard, lying very far to the west, and at last landed on the southern shores of the world's largest island. He called the land Greenland, for he was lonely in his exile and he said, "It might attract men thither when the land has a fine name." And sure enough it did. Among the first to follow Eric were his own sons, Leif and Thorgeir, who sailed yet further than Greenland and were the first men to discover the shores of Labrador and Nova Scotia. They landed in North America nearly five hundred years before the coming of Columbus.*

Umanak lies close to the main island, but from November till May the seas around these shores are fast frozen. To be whirled over the frozen

sea at twenty miles an hour behind a team of fine Greenland dogs is heaps nicer than motoring, but you must be well wrapped up, or your nose or ears or fingers might get frozen stiff and drop off! The Greenlanders, men, women



Jens Christian, his sister Alma and a friend at a birthday coffee-party

* See "The Finding of Wineland the Good." JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS, September, 1929.

and children, all wear warm sealskin trousers and sealskin boots called "kamikker." Their "anoraks," or blouses, are lined with the warm down of the eiderduck, which keeps out the cold. Every North Greenland boy, and many of the girls, too, know how to drive a dog-sled.

Look! There goes Jens Christian off for a ride with his "kivfak," Ole! "Kivfak" is the Greenlandic word for a servant. Jens Christian is the son of the pastor at Umanak. Though he is only three years old, what do you think he did when his father and mother were out of the house the other day? He got out the little wooden sled which his father made specially for him, and all by himself he harnessed his own three puppies to it. Then off he set, cracking his whip just like Ole. He had reached the sea-ice when his father luckily saw him and brought him home, for unless the frost is really keen, this ice is often full of big rifts which can swallow sled and dog and driver before there is time to turn round.

But do you think he was punished? Not a bit of it. Children in Greenland are hardly ever punished; they are allowed to do just whatever they like. Probably Jens Christian's father just gave him a piece of cake and told him not to do it again. I shouldn't have been very much surprised if he'd given him a cigarette, though three years old is almost too young even for a Greenland boy to smoke. But just yesterday I had to give cigarettes instead of lumps of sugar to eight-year-old Karl, who, along with his big brother Johann, brings me the radio news every evening. I had given Johann a cigarette, but when I offered Karl lumps of sugar instead (sugar is the only sweetmeat you can buy in the store at Umanak and Greenland children love it) he looked so disappointed that I had to take it away and give him a cigarette instead.

Up here in North Greenland, where the sea is frozen for so many months there are no posts and no letters, because ships can call only once or twice in



The Greenlanders, men, women and children, all wear warm sealskin trousers and sealskin boots called "kamikker."

summer. The ship that brought me here in September will not return till next June or July, when the ice breaks up. So you see you cannot visit Greenland for a short summer holiday; you must stay for a long time when you come, like Eric the Red a thousand years ago.

In fact, you cannot visit Greenland for a holiday at all. Like Fairyland it is a "closed shore" to ordinary mortals. For one thing, the Danish government is careful to guard the Greenlanders from contact with the diseases that seem to come with civilization. There are only about 15,000 of them, though their number is growing slowly under the care of Denmark, which supplies nurses and doctors free and gives as much work as possible to the people in the way of fish-salting and packing. No other country is allowed to trade with Greenland, either. Permission to visit the island is granted only to scientists, doctors or others wishing to go there for some special purpose. In Umanak I am collecting the seeds of the wild flowers, which I am going to send home to British gardens, where I hope that some of them, at least, may grow.

I live in a dear little wooden house perched high on the rocks, with my Greenland maid, Dorthé. She cooks sealmeat and whalemeat and ptarmigan and



Umanak colony. Miss Hutchison's house is the one on the right with the three windows and the gabled roof

halibut for me, and we are very comfortable. Dorthé's house of turf and stones has only one room. She has two daughters of thirteen and nine, Annie and Catrina. Annie looks after the manager's baby, though she still goes to the big red schoolhouse up on the rocks twice a day to learn Danish and sewing and writing and reading. Catrina only goes to school for two hours in the morning. You will usually find her standing in my kitchen waiting for something nice to eat or perhaps a cup of hot coffee. All the Greenlanders love coffee, and every Greenland child, and the grownups, too, celebrate their birthdays by inviting their friends to a coffee-party. They love condensed milk, too—for there are no cows or sheep or hens in Umanak.

Just before the Great Birthday party of Christmas, I was sitting by my stove one morning reading by lamp-light, when there was a knock at the door and in came Jens Christian and his sister, Alma, with their nurse, Marte. Jens brought me an invitation with a picture of a polar bear and a Christmas tree which his father had painted. It said,

"orpiliarkugaluarpavtigit," and a good deal more.

But, after all,

"willyoupleasecometoourChristmastree"

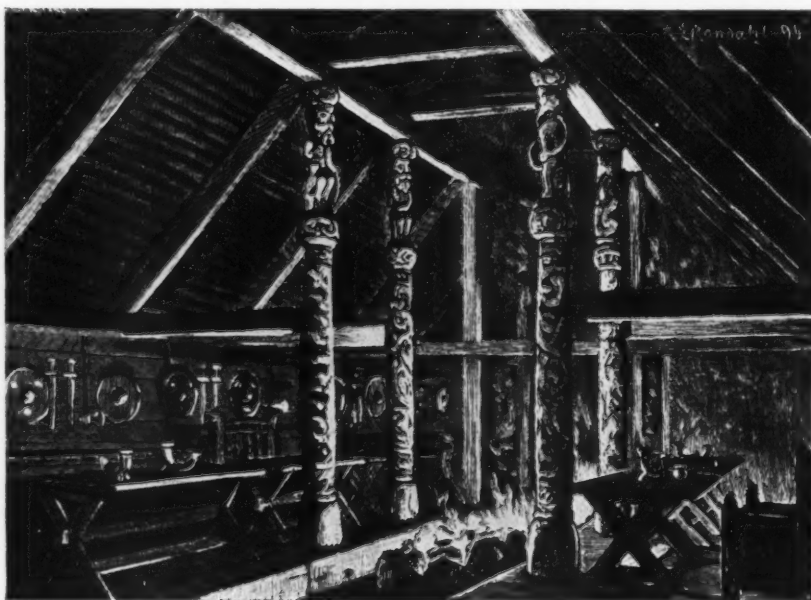
looks just as funny when it is written all in one, as the Greenlanders write their words.

You may be sure I accepted the invitation.

You would never have guessed that the Christmas tree was all made up with bits of wood bound round with green crowberry ling, for there are no trees at all in North Greenland, so the wood must all be shipped from Norway and Denmark. We danced round this fine tree, which was quite six feet high and had under its branches a heap of gifts for everyone. In the middle of all the fun came Santa Claus, (only the Danes and Greenlanders call him "Naesymann,") with another sack of gifts, and a voice very like the Danish lady doctor's! No sooner had he gone than a second Santa appeared, with gifts. But a second Santa Claus was one too many for Jens Christian, who had never heard of such a thing. He hid his face in his father's knees and burst into tears of fright! After all, though he could harness a dog-sled and drive himself, he was only three years old.

From November to February it is dark all day at Umanak, but on the morning of the fifth of February the first sunbeam touches the window of the schoolhouse high on the rocks, and then all the children run out on to the cliffs shouting and laughing, to give welcome again to the sun. The long dark winter is over. Now will come the lengthening days of spring, with ice-sledding and hunting, and the days will grow longer till at last about the sixteenth of May you can see the sun's golden eyeball gleaming above the horizon all night long.

A RECONSTRUCTION of an ancient Viking hall, from "Sagatime in Iceland." It was just such a bome as this that Eric the Red had to leave when he was banished from Iceland nearly a thousand years ago. Probably he built another just like it in Greenland, too. The chief men of those days usually had one large hall in their houses. The high roof was supported by two lines of wooden pillars brought over stormy seas from Norway, for there are practically no trees in Iceland or Greenland. This hall was sleeping, eating and living room for the chief and his retainers. Down the center was one long fireplace, the smoke from which had to find its way out through holes in the roof. Benches for the family, servants and retainers ran along each side of the fireplace, while the master of the house had a handsomely carved chair.



The Story of the First Christmas Tree*

ROSE FYLEMAN

THE Story of the First Christmas Tree was told me by the Fairy Queen herself, so you may be quite sure it is a true one. Here it is:

Once upon a time there lived in the middle of a forest a poor wood-cutter. He had one little daughter called Annis whom he loved dearly. Annis was a dear little girl, kind and gentle. She was very fond of all the woodland creatures, and they in turn knew and loved her well. The fairies loved her also. They used to dance on the top of the low stone wall that went round the little garden in front of the cottage.

"Annis! Annis!" they would call to her while she was busy helping her mother in the kitchen. But she would shake her head.

"I can't come. I'm busy," she would answer.

But at night-time, when she was fast asleep under her red quilt, they would come tapping at the little window.

"Annis! Annis!"

Then she would slip out of bed and run quickly downstairs with her bare feet, and off with the fairies into the moon-shining woods.

But the next day she was never sure whether it had been a dream or reality.

That was in the summer.

It was winter now, and very cold. The sky was dark and heavy with coming snow.

Every evening, all through the winter, Annis would hang a little lantern with a candle in it on the small fir-tree that grew just inside the garden gate. Her father could see it as he came home through the trees. It was a bright welcome for him even before he reached home.

On Christmas Eve he went to work as usual. He came home for his dinner at mid-day and started back early. He was at work quite a long way off.

"I shall finish there today," he said to his wife as he left the house. "Then I shall come nearer home. If the snow comes, it will be difficult to find the way in the dark evenings."

And that very day the snow began. All the afternoon it fell in great, soft flakes.



Down, down down. It seemed as if the whole sky were falling in little bits.

The wood-cutter worked hard in the fading light.

It was quite dark by the time he had finished, and he had to keep shaking the snow from his shoulders and from his old hat.

The wood was all neatly stacked in the little shed which had been built up there to house it.

He started off home with a sigh of relief, smiling to himself as he thought of his warm hearth and the bowl of hot porridge on the hob, and of little Annis knitting in the chimney-corner.

But presently—how it happened I know not, for he knew the forest well, and the snow had almost stopped falling, and the moon was shining—he found that he had lost his way.

He was quite cheerful at first. "In a minute I shall find the path again," he said. But many minutes passed and he did not find it. A cloud came over the moon; the snow began to fall again more quickly.

The wood-cutter began to lose heart.

Then, suddenly, he saw a light ahead of him on one of the fir-trees.

"Can I be so near home?" he said, half-bewildered. But when he came near he found that it was not the fir-tree in his own garden that was lit up, but an ordinary forest-tree. The wood-cutter rubbed his eyes and saw in the distance another tree lit up in the same way.

"It is the good fairies helping me," he said, and trudged off cheerily toward the second tree.

And when he looked back, the first one had already grown dark again. But when he reached the second tree, another was shining ahead.

And so he went on from tree to tree until at last he was guided safely home to Annis' little lantern in his own garden.

And always after that he used to put lights on a little fir-tree on Christmas Eve in memory of the time when the fairies saved him from being lost in the forest. And so the custom began, and because it was such a pretty one, and because the fairies so willed it, it spread, and today the fairy Christmas tree is to be found all over the world in houses where there are children and where the fairies come.

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AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

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We believe in service for others, in health of mind and body to fit us for better service, and in world-wide friendship. For this reason we are joining the American Junior Red Cross. We will help to make this work successful in our school and community, and will work together with members everywhere in our own and other lands.

—AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS PLEDGE.

YOUR PROMISE TO DO

YOU could not possibly repeat the pledge of your Junior Red Cross without feeling a sort of thrill at its splendid words. But just a thrill over fine words does not amount to much. That pledge is a promise to do something. It calls for action. More than 6,000,000 boys and girls in the elementary schools of our land have their names on the Junior membership rolls. Just suppose that every single one of those six million, in the United States, Porto Rico, the Philippines, Hawaii, Alaska and tiny Guam were to resolve this year that his name on the roll stood for some definite act in helping others, in making himself healthier and so more fit for service, and in trying to understand the people of other countries, including those who have come to dwell among us!

The first thing that a Junior Red Cross group ought to do is to make a plan of activities month by month. It will be simply amazing how many things you will find that need doing and that can be done, perhaps best of all, by boys and girls themselves. You will get help in making these plans from your teachers, from the Red Cross of

your community, from your CALENDAR, from your magazine and from each other. Just notice how many fine suggestions will come from your own members in a Junior meeting.

Then, something to look out for all through the year's work, is the *way* in which you do things in the Junior Red Cross, especially the way in which you give help to others. There is such a thing as a spirit of showing off. You will want to keep away from that. And then there is the still meaner spirit of condescension, of wanting people to show gratitude and to give praise and pats on the back. Scorn this whenever you see it cropping up, as it probably will now and then, because we seem to be made like that, all of us. As a matter of fact, it is only natural to want to help in this interesting world of ours and the person who does the service gets the most fun out of it. Fortunately, we seem to be made like that, too!

THE QUEST OF THE MAGI

Minnie Case Hopkins

Wise men of the East
Going afar
Turned in their course
To follow a Star;
A golden, bright Star
That led them straight down
Through a barren, bleak land,
To a little, brown town.

What found you at dawn,
Wise men from the East,
Bright gold of the mine?
Or sumptuous feast?
Oh, greater than these!
That wonderful thing:
Asleep in a manger,
A dear little King.

THE CALENDAR PICTURE

IN MONTENEGRO everyone owns a rooster because it is regarded as a lucky bird. The CALENDAR boy lives in Podgoritzza, which is the capital of the Province of Montenegro and means "under the mountain." There the American Junior Red Cross is helping to furnish and equip a new high school.

Notice the boy's cap. Five hundred years ago when the Serbs were defeated by the Turks in the Battle of Kossovo their brothers of Montenegro adopted the cap which they still wear in memory of that fatal day. It is a flat-topped skull cap, with a black rim around a crimson crown. The black symbolizes mourning for the Serbs, the red stands for the field of blood, and the five thin semicircles of gold across it (added one by one as the centuries passed) represent the term of servitude during which the spirit of Serbia remained unconquered.

A Santa Claus Toy Shop

LEONARD W. WAHLSTROM

IT ALL started by bringing to school toys and dolls that needed repair. You know the kind—just a little fixing and a little paint and they are as good as new. Well, we brought these into the shop, we sorted them out, and we organized a real "factory." Then we posted a big bulletin in the hall advertising:

HELP WANTED

- 25 Mechanics—must have a good knowledge of auto-repair work, airplanes, boats, engines both stationary and locomotive, clock work motors, etc.
 - 20 Painters—good at retouching. Must be able to mix colors well.
 - 20 Hospital Surgeons—skill needed in grafting arms and legs and replacing heads. Those with previous experience in either private or hospital practice preferred.
 - 10 Veterinary Surgeons—A good knowledge of the anatomy of dogs, horses, and Teddy bears necessary, also skill with needle and shears.
- Apply at once. Good hours, good wages.

(Signed) SANTA CLAUS.

You may be sure that we had plenty of applicants and of course we had to have foremen, assistant foremen and inspectors. The older pupils and some of the teachers entered into the spirit of the work with a will. The enthusiasm was contagious—more joined, and the shops, the halls and study rooms were busy places. This was all volunteer work, and at first was limited to after-school time. Later the demand became so great that children were given the privilege of using such study periods as they could spare



The repair work went through with a rush

for the work. They took some of it home. Mothers got interested and came to the school to help. There were scrapbook parties with the littlest children who helped to cut and paste picture books for the Children's Hospital.

Year after year the Santa Claus Toy Shop in the Francis Parker School grew and grew like a snowball rolling down hill. Then the fathers wanted to help, so we had a grand Santa Claus

Party on Saturday night. They came right from their business to school, got a bite at the school lunchroom and had a great time sawing, hammering, painting, making carts, doll beds, cradles, mending dolls, sewing doll dresses and lots of other things. When half past ten arrived many of them were still going strong and not a bit ready to quit.

You may be sure that the repair work went through with a rush, so we did not stop there. We designed new toys; red carts for tiny



Little girls in the laundry were busy putting all the doll clothes in order

boys, "choo-choos" for those still tinier; doll beds for little girls (and some not so little); soft stocking dolls for wee babies; bean bags, doll dresses, games and scrapbooks.

Now we have the work organized much as it would be in a real factory, with departments, foremen, and so forth. In making the new toys our shop teachers and big high school boys use our wood-working machines to prepare much of the material, and then other pupils become experts in doing just one thing and doing that the best they know how. One will saw pieces to length, another will nail one part and pass that on for the next step. In that way doll beds, red carts, trains, grow into shape from piles of raw material almost in the twinkling of an eye. This is much like the "production line" in a real factory. The inspectors are on the watch, and only good work is passed. Then the toys are routed to the paint shop, where we used gallons of red paint, yellow paint, green paint, paint of all the colors of the rainbow. From the drying room they go to the art room, where dainty little designs are stenciled on the beds, the carts striped, and the trains are numbered and lettered.

We all enjoy this work, teachers, pupils, mothers, fathers. Everybody does his regular school work just as usual, for you see we only salvaged a bit of our time that was often wasted anyway. This toy shop only lasts about ten

days, between Thanksgiving and our Christmas vacation, and then the social settlements, such as Hull House, Chicago Commons and the United Charities help us out by finding the right little boy or girl for each toy we have made or repaired.

Oh, I almost forgot the "pay." You see, the bulletin promised "good pay" and "good hours." Well, the boys in the print shop printed "Time cards" and "Pay checks." Each worker had a time card and on it was entered the time he had spent working for Santa Claus. Then when it was all added up he was given a check. This was drawn on "Father Time's Bank" for a certain number of "happy days," at the rate of five happy days for every hour worked.

You may be sure that the Santa Claus Toy Shop will be running again this year full blast at our school. It is a very necessary part of our year's program. The fun we get more than pays for the time it takes, and I really believe we appreciate and do our regular studies better for the break we get during the ten days the Toy Shop is in operation.

Every school in the country should organize such a shop, whether it has a Junior Red Cross Chapter or not. Perhaps your chapter can start one in your school this year—try it.

Mr. Wahlstrom is Manual Training Instructor at the Francis W. Parker School in Chicago.

Juniors at Home

AT CHRISTMAS and Thanksgiving in warm and sunny Porto Rico committees of Juniors give programs in the hospitals and homes for the aged, and leave flowers and fruit behind them.

WHEN Jack the West Ward dog came hungry and homeless, two years ago, to the Neligh, Nebraska, school, the sixth grade adopted him, gave him this name and bought him a license and an engraved collar. He is as much a member of the class as the children. Every day after recess or noon hour, he files in at the end

of the line and takes his place behind a desk at the back of the room. When he gets tired of lying still, he gets up and marches quietly out.



Jack has a Red Cross button of his own to wear on his blanket

On the playground he runs for the ball as hard as any of the boys and is always in the midst of any scuffle or tug o'war. When the Juniors are weighed and measured he always insists on having his turn and he has his own Junior Red Cross button to wear on his blanket. Once Jack lost his collar and the sixth grade was very unhappy. The mayor of Neligh heard of it and presented the room with a new one. In the summer time Jack is board-

ed out, sometimes in the country and sometimes in town with a member of the class or a teacher.

A VERY special, all-the-year-round Christmas tree is that of the Normandie Avenue Juniors in Los Angeles. They planted it in February in Exposition Park and dedicated it to the spirit of good will among nations. All year they tended it carefully, and finally, on the twelfth of last December, 60 members gathered to place a bronze marker beside their ever living tree. The program began when a girl pressed a button that turned on 100 shining candles hanging on the tree among scores of silver birds. The boys' choir and the girls' glee club sang Christmas carols and then each Junior walked forward and deposited a shovelful of dirt around the marker. After the principal of their school made a speech, the children visited their little pals in the Orthopedic Hospital and sang their carols all over again for the patients.

THEIR council is such a help that the Juniors of the Mary Emma Jones School at Greencastle, Indiana, are very enthusiastic over it. The council has three members from each of the six rooms and was organized last year when Junior Red Cross was four years old in the school.

Among the many things the Greencastle and other Putnam County Juniors have done was helping with the Christmas for the boys and girls of the Sailors' and Soldiers' Orphans' Home at Knightstown last year with 150 toys and a large box of homemade candy and cookies. They took a beautiful Christmas tree and Christmas place cards to the patients at the county hospital. Besides, each schoolroom packed two Christmas boxes to go abroad, one for a boy and one for a girl.

They believe in a Service Fund, part of which goes each year to national headquarters to help in the world-wide service of the National Children's Fund. Each room has a Red Cross Bank



"They gathered on December 12 to place a bronze marker beside their good will tree"

and almost every day pennies and nickels drop into it. When they wanted to raise money for relief of boys and girls in the southwestern Indiana flood early this year, the Mary Emma Jones School had a birthday party and each child brought a penny for each year of his age.

When Washington School of Kokomo, Indiana, wanted to tell the world what their Junior Red Cross activities had been, they thought up a new way to do it. They built six clever little models of the Kokomo institutions to which they had sent gifts during the year. The exhibit was displayed, along with many others from the Kokomo schools, at a big meeting of primary teachers from many surrounding cities.

THE third and fourth grades at Sidney, Illinois, write Christmas letters to the disabled soldiers at Dwight, Illinois, as one of their Junior Red Cross activities.

THE Home for the Friendless seemed to the sixth grade of the Penn Avenue School at Turtle Creek, Pennsylvania, a good place to help have a happier Christmas, and so, as a Junior Red Cross service, they sent a surprise Christmas gift to every one of the hundred children in the Home. Then along in February when the sixth grade had forgotten all about Christmas they had an unexpected visitor. She was a girl about their age, and her name was Virginia Brown. "I am from the Home for the Friendless," she told them, and she made the nicest little speech to tell how happy Christmas at the Home had been because the



The sixth grade of Penn Avenue School in Turtle Creek, Pennsylvania



Three children from each of the six rooms of the Mary Emma Jones School in Greencastle, Indiana, make up the Junior Red Cross Council

sixth grade had remembered to be friends with them. The other people in the Home had chosen Virginia to represent them on the thank-you-visit, and she stayed all afternoon.

BEFORE the Richmond, Virginia, Juniors made their Christmas plans, their Junior chairman asked the city and county institutions which needed help, what presents they would like and how many people were to be remembered in each place. Then how fast the Juniors worked. Among the presents for the 725 men in the Naval Hospital at Portsmouth were 25 pounds of homemade candy, 40 lap boards, cigarette holders and ash trays. Christmas trees, decorations, scrapbooks, toys and other trimmings went to the Crippled Children's Hospital and the Dooley Hospital for Children. Children in the Colored Special School made poinsettia paper cups and filled them with candy for the colored institutions which they chose to remember. Five pounds of delicious fudge were made by some Juniors so poor that they could bring only a spoonful of sugar apiece from their homes. A little Indian school with only eight pupils, which had just enrolled in Junior Red Cross, helped ever so much and said, "We hope we may be able to do lots of things for the Red Cross this year."

CARSON Indian School pupils at Stewart, Nevada, had the very first Christmas

tree in their whole lives last December 24, and Red Cross boxes packed by western Juniors provided the presents. After Santa Claus gave out the last gift and the children were busy playing with their presents, a little boy said, "I'm not afraid of Santa Claus at all."

The Des Moines, Iowa, Junior Red Cross planned Christmas for the 46 girls and 33 boys in the sanitorium at Toledo, Iowa, for tubercular children of Sac and Fox Indians. Pupils, teachers, principals, all helped and 32 boxes were sent. One had library books and five boxes contained candy and Christmas tree decorations. Besides,

every single Indian child had a separate package with his name on it. The superintendent said the children had a wonderful Christmas and could not believe that one entire parcel belonged to each one. The day after Christmas, Melda Pass Beyond wrote to the girls of the Hawkeye Club of West Junior High School:

"Thank you is only half of what I would like to say in appreciation for the many gifts which I received from you Christmas Eve. I wish you happiness throughout the entire year."

THE "piece" system was used by boys of the Conroy School Junior Red Cross in making 2,500 toy airplanes as Christmas presents last year for kindergarten children in poor sections of Pittsburgh. Each plane went around a table: the first boy had only the fuselage; he inserted the rudder. The next boy tacked the rudder in and the third boy attached a tail skid. Rear and main wings, wheels and last of all, a propeller,

were attached to each plane as it passed from boy to boy. The boys said they completed an average of two planes a minute. Before they ever started, they worked out in one of their classes the amount of wood they would need and the number of nails, because the Pittsburgh Junior Red Cross had to know how much material to furnish. The boys even estimated the time needed to do the work at an average speed of production.



Boys in the manual training class of Putnam Annex, Syracuse, made toys as Christmas gifts for children in Memorial Hospital

About Hungary

FEW PEOPLE in the world love their country more than do the Hungarians. They have much reason for their pride in their land. For one thing, they have beautiful native art, which they appreciate and treasure so that it may not die out. Among the peasants each section of the country has its different art designs and costumes which have been handed down from generation to generation. The pupils of the Catholic Training School for Teachers at Debreczen wrote about the peasants of Szekely:

WE WILL try to describe to you the art of the Szekely peasants which we find the most beautiful and which we love the best. The Szekely girl begins making her trousseau early. She plucks and steeps, scutches and combs the flax. The prepared flax is next fixed on the distaff. Her sweetheart made her distaff, designing, drawing, carving and coloring. It was the loving work of months. Flowers, small bells and wooden balls are fastened on it so that their tinkling sound may remind the girl of the work of her lover. The distaff is so closely bound up with the business of courting that if anyone asks the young man where he is going on a Saturday evening he replies in the dialect of the district: "I am going distaffing."

After the thread has been spun it is stretched on the loom, and the Szekely girl weaves lovely patterns in her table-linen, scarfs and aprons.

The plain linen is used for embroidery. If the design follows geometrical figures the pattern follows the threads. This is called "szalan varrottas" meaning embroidery according to the thread. If flower designs are used the linen forms simply a background, the needle follows the outline of the design and fancy can express itself freely in line, mass and color.

In the long winter evenings sitting by the loom the girls love to look forward to the coming of spring and the crowning joy it brings, Easter. The festive clothes of the whole family are taken from the press, overhauled and cleaned, and many weeks before Easter the hard-boiled eggs are colored and decorated with all manner of beautiful designs. On Easter Monday, "Sprinkling Day," the young men pay an early visit to the homes of the girls. Here the old custom is still in vogue, the water has not yet been substituted by scent bought at the chemist, nor diminished in quantity. Buckets of water fresh drawn from the well are dashed over the girls. Some say the sprinkling of water is to



This is one of a set of lovely colored post cards gotten out by the Hungarian Junior Red Cross

keep the flower of the house from fading. The young men are presented with colored eggs for their trouble, the prettiest being reserved for the accepted lover.

Entering the home of a young Szekely couple we first remark the lovely gateway. The decorations of flowers, leaves, and birds express their poetical feelings; the dovecote at the top, their peaceful nature; the inscription, "Itsen hozott," "God has brought you," tells us of their religious sentiment, their trust in God and their hospitality.

Trusting in this same hospitality, let us go into the room of the young wife. The first thing to catch your eye is the Szekely housewife's greatest pride, the bedstead with the pillows piled up high, nearly to the ceiling, and the windows filled with flowers. We are sending a drawing of the painted dishes and plates standing on the shelf.

The stove covered with tiles is an article of furniture never missing. In winter it is fed with great logs and many a pleasant evening hour may be spent watching the leaping flames or the dying embers. These stoves are constructed with just as much care as is taken in building a house.



A typical Hungarian farmyard. This picture was in the album from Debreczen

An interesting feature of the Torocko kitchens are the "ovens with ears." The opening in front is the mouth of the oven, where the bread is baked; farther in is the open fireplace. Dinner is cooked in the pan hanging on the huge iron hook. The kitchen is adorned with colored plates, dishes and jugs.

Washing is considered a very important housewifely duty. It is performed at the river-side. The wooden mallet used for beating the clothes is carved and colored too. The wooden articles used by the husbandman in his work are similarly adorned and special care is taken in decorating the yoke, the rake and the whip handle.

Tired out with a week's hard work, old and young flock to church on Sunday dressed in their best. The path leads through the churchyard and passing among the quiet mounds, the elders think with resignation of the grave soon to be open before them. They have long since made ready the artistically carved tomb-stone.

A SCHOOL at Győr in an album sent to California wrote of the Hungarian country fair.

ALL the Hungarians are famous for their hospitality. They were especially famous for it in the old times when there was no transportation, and so they had to eat all they raised because they could not sell the excess. So they used to invite all their friends to help them eat it, as

[92]

they thought it a shame to waste food.

Today it is quite different, for everyone can sell his products if he wants to. There are trains and posts, which transport things from one place to another. Today it does not happen as in the old times a few hundred years ago, that in one part of the country there was a huge production, and in another region about 300 kilometers away the people died with hunger, for they had nothing to eat, and nothing could be sent to them.

But for all this the Hungarians have kept their hospitality, and they show it on the day of the country fair. On this day the whole village is cooking. It is not a custom to invite the guests but

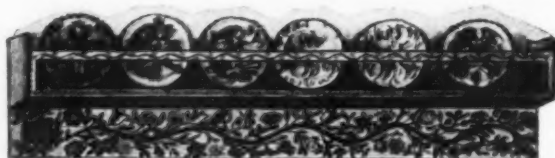
people can go to anybody's house they like on this day. And the most proud landlord is the one whose house has the most guests.

In the morning after everyone has been to church, out of every inn in the village music is heard, and all the people who like dancing are there to dance. They dance in the inn if it is too cold or raining and if it is warm they dance out in the garden. The whole village is like a disturbed bee hive, and everybody is full of joy. In front of the church there are people selling dolls made out of gingerbread, and sweets. At a big open space there is the merry-go-round, and the barrel organ, and in the great noise that the children make with their trumps, and whistles, the loud sounds of the barrel organ can be heard.

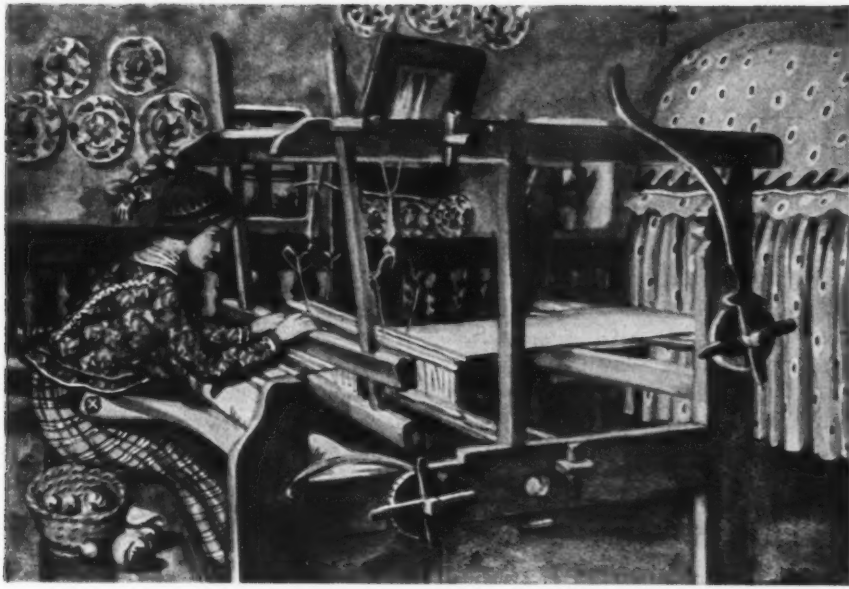
The dance at the inn lasts about three days. The Hungarians learn all dances easily, but like best to dance the slow and quick *csardas*, which is the national dance of Hungary.

JOHN BALASS put into an album this account of a favorite game in his school:

IN THIS letter I should like to tell you about a game called "Kim." We put all manner of things on the table as scissors, india-rubbers, pen-knives and other small articles, which are covered over with a cloth. Now the boys are called in, the cloth withdrawn for a minute or two, then the



"We are sending a drawing of the painted plates standing on the shelf"



A peasant girl of Mezokovesd weaving. This picture was made by Madame Undi, a Hungarian artist

table is covered over once again. Now every boy must write down what he saw on the table and he who remembers most of the things is the winner.

In a second album, the students at the Teachers' Training School at Debreczen described a characteristic part of their country:

CLOSE to our town, which owns it, is a great uncultivated plain named the Hortobagy. It covers about 75,000 acres of land and is surrounded by villages and farmsteads, but as the soil contains very much soda it is not adapted for anything except grazing. In springtime it is very damp but the summer heats dry it up. The cattle turned out to pasture here number about 50,000. On the Hortobagy we find about 260 men and boys engaged in tending the cattle, three veterinary surgeons and one functionary who dispenses justice. He has a fine title, being called the Magistrate of the Plain. Even here there are distinct social grades. Highest of all stands the cattle-herdsman who only associates with the tender of the horses. Far below these two are the swineherds and shepherds. Of the latter even, he is reckoned higher whose flock consists of sheep of pure Hungarian breed.

These men of the Hortobagy are easily recognized by their clothes. They wear full-sleeved shirts, full linen trousers, short cloth jackets with many rows of buttons, cloaks of

sheepskin richly embroidered with our beautiful Hungarian designs, and round felt hats. Round their waists they wear a strap of leather; to this is attached the much decorated tobacco-pouch and their colored kerchief. They also have spurred boots on their feet. You will seldom see one without a long whip in his hand on which are small knots and lumps of lead that the cracking of the whip may be more effective. The handle is much decorated. This is their own handiwork.

One of the most interesting features of the Hortobagy is the image to be seen on very warm and perfectly still days. There appears in the air a reflection of the neighboring villages. So close they seem to be that one can even see the dogs running about the street. All optical rules are, however, disregarded, for what is nearer seems smaller and what is further looms much larger. The hotter the sunshine, the clearer the picture.

Another beautiful sight of the Hortobagy is sunrise. The stars are still shining in the heavens, and the shepherd folks' watchfires are winking brightly at us when the first rays of the sun begin to spread a faint light over the plain. Then slowly and majestically the sun rises in all its glory. Till then no other sound is to be heard but the singing of the lark, but as the light spreads the cattle rise and life begins its usual round.

The Far Away Junior Family

IN Budapest, Hungary, hundreds of poor children between twelve and fourteen, who are old enough not to go to school but too young according to Hungarian law to go to work, find food and shelter and workrooms in seven canteens established by the Save the Children Fund. Desperately poor as they are, all these children are Juniors and every week they set aside an hour to make things specially for Junior Red Cross, although they might use the time to earn money for their own very great needs.

One group of them offers its eyesight to those who have none. Every Sunday the children lead the blind people from the asylum to church. When they planned a Christmas party for their blind friends, the problem of how to get refreshments was a big one. Then they remembered that once a week the cook at their workroom made cake for dessert, so they asked her if during December she would save up the flour and sugar and chocolate that usually went into the cakes and give it to them, and lend the kitchen the day before the party so that they could make cakes for their guests.

The cook thought how poor and starved the children were, so she gave them no answer then, but went to Mrs. Vajkai, the "mother" of all the workrooms in Budapest. "Is it right to let the children go without their cake?" she asked. "Our children never get too much to eat."

"They don't have many pleasures, either," said the mother. "It's worth tightening your belt a little to be able to feel your heart stretch. Make a specially good soup that day. You are quite right—the youngsters have also their duty toward themselves to keep in good health."

WITH money raised from selling herbs and from singing Christmas carols the Junior group in the primary school in Radoslavovo, Bulgaria, has opened and entirely supports a free kitchen where 22 poor children receive a free breakfast each morning.

AT their first fall meeting the Juniors of the Krudnery I grade school in Estonia decided to protect the birds. So each one made a bird house for his own garden. The Malda School at Audru, Estonia, wanted to help the birds, too, and they report that during the winter they fed the birds with bits of bread and corn, placing their offerings on a table in the school yard. In the spring the boys put up nesting boxes for the starlings, and now there are about ten starlings living in the school yard.

An American boy writes how Juniors in the South Amherst School, Massachusetts, fed the birds in winter after they read "A Hint to the Juniors," in the December, 1928, JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS:

An eighth grade boy and a seventh grade boy got a Christmas tree. It was a nice little pine and we lashed it to the flagpole. We made some birds out of cardboard to attract the real birds. Almost everybody brought hay chaff, suet and other things. We trimmed our tree with strings of popcorn and cranberries. We elected a committee to make suet holders out of wire. When we celebrated Christmas, we dedicated the tree to the birds. A seventh grade boy took the part of Saint Francis of Assisi preaching to the birds. Everybody has been bringing things for the birds so they may have a steady supply of food. Now they come in flocks every morning for their breakfasts.



The "cashier" of the Junior group of Balestrand, Norway

WOULD you believe it? Robinson Crusoe's island has a Junior Red Cross! On the tiny island of the Juan Fernandez group, off the coast of Chile, where Crusoe was the lonely monarch of all he surveyed, almost 300 people now live. Most of them are fisher-

men from the mainland of South America, with the addition of a number of French and German families, several of whom were shipwrecked there, like Crusoe. There was no medical aid—not even a First Aid kit—on tiny Mas-a-Tierra, as Crusoe's island is called, until some Chilean Red Cross members traveled the 300 miles out to sea to put on a Red Cross program there. When the inhabitants heard that a gramophone was to play, they all went to hear it and stayed

to listen to a talk on Red Cross. They grew so interested that now they are Red Cross workers, and the boys and girls have their Junior Red Cross. The island has a fine Red Cross building with a dispensary, clinic and baths. Though there is no doctor, Red Cross First Aid is understood, and in cases of serious illness and bad accidents the island wireless station communicates with the Red Cross doctor in Valparaiso, who prescribes the treatment.

ONE group of Juniors in Norway made 40 pairs of slippers out of old felt hats and gave them to poor people at Christmas, along with baskets of food. They got the old hats for nothing from friends and money to buy the food from entertainments for which they charged admission.

Juniors at Stabbek, in Norway, write down each of their activities on two bulletin boards hung outside their schoolhouse. Next to these stories of their doings they paste pictures cut out of the Norwegian Junior magazine and sometimes from Junior magazines of other countries.

EVERY present was wrapped and tied for a beautiful Christmas party which some German Juniors were going to give for themselves. Just then they heard some startling news that made them change their plans. Ever so many children and their peasant fathers and mothers were being driven out of Russia where their great-great grandfathers had gone from Germany to settle on the rich farming lands; and now these poor people were on their way back to the old homeland with nothing at all. Right off the Juniors packed up their presents and sent them for the emigrant children's Christmas. Ever so many other Juniors sent presents, too, some of which they had made themselves.



Girls of the Secondary School in Linz binding books for their Christmas party

HOW busy the students were in the Girls' Secondary School Number Two of Linz, Upper Austria! Their Junior Red Cross Christmas party for poor schoolmates was in the offing and while some pupils prepared for it by making a dolls' kitchen, games and puzzles cut out of covers of old magazines, others bound copies of the Junior magazines, or made baskets and calendars. Still others sewed. They were making dresses.

The presents were ready ahead of time so the girls had an exhibit of them. Then two days before Christmas came the party, at which 27 poor pupils received some useful gifts and some presents like books and games that everybody likes to receive. Refreshments consisted of cakes and candy.

The country schools around Linz are very keen about writing letters to other Austrian schools, so a report says. No sooner do they post a letter than they begin looking for a reply. "Has our letter got to Vienna yet?" "And how long does it take to get an answer?" they ask eagerly.

TABLE OF CONTENTS	
December, 1930	
	Page
CHRISTMAS . . . Marie Abrams Lawson	Cover
THE CHRISTMAS LAMB OF BAUX . . . <i>Decoration by Henry Pitz</i>	74
THE OLD HOUSE . . . Anna Milo Upjohn <i>Illustrations by the author</i>	75
A SILKWORM NURSE OF JAPAN <i>Neill James</i>	78
ANTOINE LOUIS BARYE	80
GREENLAND'S CLOSED SHORE <i>Isobel Wylie Hutchison</i>	82
THE STORY OF THE FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE <i>Rose Fyleman</i>	85
EDITORIALS	86
A SANTA CLAUS TOY SHOP <i>Leonard W. Wahlstrom</i>	87
JUNIORS AT HOME	88
ABOUT HUNGARY	91
THE FAR AWAY JUNIOR FAMILY . . .	94
THE GOOD SAINT NICHOLAS	96

The Good Saint Nicholas

NICHOLAS, BISHOP OF MYRA, had inherited a large fortune from his parents, and with it he did much good, though always in secret. One of the favorite stories about him is the one about the poor nobleman with three marriageable daughters, who was at his wits' end to know how to get dowries for them. Nicholas heard his laments and for three nights in succession he stole up to the house in the darkness, opened a window without noise and tossed into the room of the astonished nobleman a bag with plenty of gold to get a girl a good husband. Nicholas was also very kind to children, especially to boys, and so after he became a saint he was adopted as the patron saint of all children. St. Nicholas' Day, December 6, is the children's festival in Holland, Belgium and parts of Germany and Austria. His feast was introduced into America by the Dutch settlers and our name of Santa Claus came from the Dutch "San Nicolaas." This account of the doings on St. Nicholas Eve is from an album from Linz, Austria:

IN AUSTRIA St. Nicholas is looked upon as the guardian of children's conduct rewarding them according to their deserts. For this reason he goes about accompanied by evil spirits and sometimes by angels as well.

"Saint Nicholas, come to my home.
Give me nice things
And I will be good."

This is what Austrian children say on the eve of St. Nicholas day which falls on the sixth of December, because at twilight St. Nicholas appears to them. The children believe that he has been watching for weeks beforehand to see whether they have been good, and has made notes about their behavior in a golden book which contains all the good and bad deeds of children.

In the mountain districts St. Nicholas has an entire retinue. This troupe enters after the customary clanking of chains and three knocks on the door. First comes the saint himself in a bishop's garb with a mitre upon his head and holding the pastoral staff. With him is his wife clad in shining robes. She is especially interested in the girls and admonishes them to be diligent in their work. Behind the lordly couple comes Krampus, a frightful apparition wrapped in dark furs with horns on his head and a long red tongue hanging out of his mouth.

[96]



This poster was made by Juniors of the Ecole Professionnelle Franz Fischer de Schaerbeek in Belgium, and was used as a cover on the 1929 Christmas issue of "Servir," the Belgian Junior magazine

There is also Klaubauf who is enormously tall and has a long beard. He carries on his back a basket from which appears hands and feet and sometimes a head and from which issue sounds of moaning. This basket is supposed to contain the bad children. Then in comes another horrible creature—a man with the head of a pig or some other animal, claws instead of hands, and hoofs instead of feet. He is supposed to devour naughty children. Next come hunters with antlers on their heads, tiny dwarfs with long beards, and tall giants whose heads reach the ceiling. St. Nicholas questions the children, asks his little finger, which tells him everything, for further information about their behavior and then rewards them accordingly. He leaves lovely gifts for the good children, and for the bad children a handful of empty nuts and a stick which supposedly will beat them without the aid of human hand.

